

## Five nights at Freddy's 4: Fredbear's promise

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Summary: The child was broken, but could Fredbear fix it? Him and his animatronic friends will do anything in their power to save him from the bite that caused eternal sleep. They were desperate.

### Five nights at Freddy's 4: Fredbear's promise

Four older boys wearing masks resembling each of the animatronics stood around a young child. It was the kid's birthday, though he did not seem too excited about it. He was on his knees crying uncontrollably while his older brother wearing Foxy's plush head and the rest of his friends just laughed. "Wow, your brother is kind of a baby, isn't he?." One of the kids said to the weeping child's brother. "It's hilarious." He responded back laughing. "Why don't we help him get a closer look? He will love it!" The child screamed, "No, please!" His brother ignored his pleas. "Come on guys. Let's give this little man a lift. He wants to get up close and personal!" The four boys picked him up and started to walk out of the party room, towards the stage. "No! I don't want to go!" The boy sobbed. He didn't listen. "You heard the little man! He wants to get even closer!" The brother laughed as he continued to carry him towards the animatronics. "Hey guys, I think the little man said that he wanted to give Fredbear a big kiss!" The child couldn't do anything, but cry miserably. "On three! Oneâ€|two!" They lifted the child into Fredbear's mouth. His crying filled the jaws of the spring-loaded animatronic. SNAP!

Fredbear and his friends had come together when the child was sent to the hospital. Fredbear looked around at his friends, ashamed and guilty. "He is alive, but is trapped in his memories." Chica looked away from him and did not respond. "Do you mean that he is in a coma?" Bonnie said, worried. "He is at the local hospital and will not wake up." Fredbear said. "I going to see what is going on in his mind. Perhaps I can helpâ€|maybe he'll forgive me."

Fredbear appeared on the child's bed. He remembered being here beforeâ€|five days ago. The plush toys of Bonnie, Chica, Freddy, and

Foxy (Except missing it's head) was in the bottom left corner of the room. They were all the boy's friends, and that's how it should be. Crying, the child laid down on the floor. His brother had locked him in his room again. "Don't be scared, I am here with you." Fredbear said. Maybe, I could prevent the bite from ever happening! Fredbear thought to himself. If I guide him somewhere else, he could survive! "Tomorrow is another day." Fredbear said.

The memory changed to the next day. "You know he is hiding again." Fredbear warned the child. "He won't stop until you find him. Over there." The child eventually went outside of his room, to find that he was in the hallway, and then the living room. His brother, with Foxy's face jumped out from behind the television. "ROAR!" Fredbear, full of pity, looked down at the child, now weeping and lying on the floor. "Tomorrow is another day." Fredbear sighed.

The child was in the party room, alone. "He left without you." Fredbear said. "He knows you hate it here." He knew this because the child was afraid of the animatronics. Fredbear realized that he could get the child to escape. Maybe stop anything from happening to the child's memories any more. Seeing them again may cause him to constantly be dreaming. "You are right beside the exit. If you run, you can make it!" Fredbear looked at him desperately. "Hurry, run toward the exit!" A man in a bear suit blocked the child's path. Fredbear was furious. He almost woke the child up from his eternal sleep! "It's too late. Hurry the other way, and find someone who will help! You know what will happen if he catches you!" The child entered the stage room where spring Bonnie and his animatronic self stood. "You can find help if you can get past them. You have to be strong!" Fredbear said, hoping and waiting for him to run past the two animatronics and save himself. That was not what happened though. The child immediately fell to the ground and cried. Fredbear was unable to say anything more to help the child except, "Tomorrow is another day."

"He hates you." Fredbear sadly stated about the child's brother. Realizing how harsh that sounded Fredbear remembered he still had hope to save him. "You have to get up. You can get out this time, but you have to hurry!" The child obediently stood up and walked outside. Fredbear continued to watch, unable to find words to help. The child talked to a young boy who was by the sidewalk. "Where is your plush toy? Mine is Spring Bonnie! The young boy said. "My daddy said to be careful with him or I will pinch my finger. He is a finger trap he says." The child walked onto the sidewalk, not having responded at all to the boy with the plush. He then walked up to a girl in the field. "I heard they come alive at night!" She smiled. "And if you die, they hide your body and never tell anyone! Why do you look so worried? See you at the party!" She laughed. Fredbear was in shock at the cruelty of everyone. A man called over to the kid and he slowly walked over. He was sitting on the ground, laughing. "Aren't you the kid who always hides under the table and cries?" The man laughed harder. "No one else is scared! Why are you? Stop being such a baby!" He ran away from him, crying harder. A boy with a balloon yelled after him, "Are you going to the party? Everyone is going to the party. Oh wait! You HAVE to go it's YOUR birthday!" He laughs as the child runs back into the house and into his room. "Be careful!" Fredbear warned. Too late. His brother jumped out from under the bed. "ROAR!" Fredbear was starting to lose hope. "Tomorrow is another day."

Fredbear couldn't do anything about it. The brother locked the poor kid in the closet full of animatronic parts and the child was terrified. "Please let me out!" The boy cried. "PLEASE!" He sunk to the floor. "Pleaseâ€¦let me outâ€¦" Unable to say or do anythingâ€¦Fredbear sat, watching until the next day. The birthday partyâ€¦..

The scene replayed in both the memories of Fredbear and the boy. The bite happened again and there was nothing to do to stop it. Defeated, Fredbear left the boy's mind and returned to his other friends. They asked him things like: "Did it work? Is he okay?" He said nothing until he got the attention of all of them. "I have a plan."

They were horrified at the idea. They decided to try and scare the child because it seemed to be the only way to save him. "We will give him a nightmare scary enough to wake him up. He may not consider us as friends once we do this, but it is our only hope." All of them nodded solemnly. They knew what they had to do.

The child opened his eyes to see his room. It was night and he only had a flashlight. Walking up to the door on the left, he peeked out. Bonnie took a deep breath. I don't want to do this young one. Bonnie thought to himself. It's for your own good. Bonnie leapt out from behind the door in a terrifying animatronic form. Gnashing his teeth and roaring he ran towards the child. Wake upâ€¦. Bonnie thought. The door was shut in his face. It didn't work. Chica came on the right. The child flashed the light at her and she inched away, not wanting to scare him. "You have to do it." Fredbear said. "I know." Chica sighed and quietly crept back to the door. The door was shut in her face as well. Fredbear took Bonnie and Chica into the kitchen. "You know what happens if it turns six?" He said. They both fearfully shook their heads. "We can't help anymore. He starts to dream again. He only had 46 hours left to live unless he wakes up, so be scarier!" They kept trying, but the boy was driven by fear and protected himself rather well. At six, they were all forced out of his mind. Bonnie patted Fredbear on the back reassuringly. "Tomorrow is another day, right?" Fredbear looked down and murmured, "Yeah, it is."

They tried again, this time deciding to make it a bit more challenging for the boy. All Fredbear said was, "He has to wake upâ€¦." Teddy freddys were put on his bed and a cupcake under it. If the boy saw his favorite food as a monster, maybe it would startle him enoughâ€¦..no. The cupcake could not get close to him because he kept flashing the light on it. The teddy freddys were also scared of the light and fled as soon as it was placed on them. "Why did you run?" Bonnie asked them. "We can't survive in the lightâ€¦.we're nightmaresâ€¦.just like you." The teddy freddys vanished again, probably trying to reach the child one more time. Fredbear pointed to the door, so Bonnie crept up on the left side once more. Suddenly, a bright beam of light hit his animatronic face. It seemed to hurt so much, but why? Bonnie stepped back into the kitchen. Chica had tried multiple times, almost getting into the room once, but was blocked or kept back with the light. The clock turned six. "I'm sorry Fredbearâ€¦." Chica said. Fredbear looked down and without a word, left to go prepare for the next night.

Foxy had volunteered to help. It seemed to be a good idea because the boy was afraid of his brother wearing Foxy as some sort of mask. The real thing should do the trick. "I will take the closet." Foxy said. Fredbear nodded and sent all of them into the nightmare once more.

Foxy at one time came out and roared as hard as he could at the boy, but he just shut the closet door on Foxy. Foxy turned back into a plush, defeated and sad. Bonnie, while the kid was occupied with scaring away the things on the bed, snuck up to the door and was about to come in. He took a deep breath and the light was shined on him for a split second. Bonnie didn't care. He leaped at the boy, but was again blocked by that door. Scratching at the door, Bonnie roared. The light was in his face again. Bonnie ran into the kitchen as he heard a shriek from Chica. He looked over to make sure she was okay, but realized that she had made that terrifying sound to startle the child. She was blocked too, but felt a bit more confident. "We are getting closer, Fredbear!" She said. "Not close enough. We are failing again." Fredbear turned his back on them, annoyed with everything. Why won't you wake up? I am trying to help youâ€¦! The clock struck six. He sat down on the ground and wanted to cry, but the tears never came. I never meant to hurt youâ€¦!

The next time they were smarter. They tricked the child and came in all at once. Somehow they weren't able to quite get in. The child was breathing heavily, but it wasn't enough. He wasn't getting any better. "Nothing was ever enough." Fredbear growled. Foxy snuck in while the boy's back was turned, but pain pierced through his eyes as white beams hit him. The closet was shut behind Foxy as he fled. Chica had gotten close enough to the child and she scratched at him, leaving a small wound. Stepping back in horror at what she did, the door was then shut. Bonnie looked at her. "It's okay. None of this is real." He ran to the other side of the hall, leaving Chica where she stood. "He doesn't deserve any of thisâ€¦!" The cupcake came out and roared at the child. Screaming, the child kicked the cupcake back under the bed. The teddy freddys were terrified at this and fled. Bonnie came in but was immediately driven out by the child's cleverness, "Why can't we get in?" Bonnie said as they were sent out of the dream again. "It's sixâ€¦!" Foxy whispered. Fredbear growled at Bonnie, "You are all failures. This time, it's going to be my turn."

Fredbear was there. He sent his friends away. They made it worse. They failed most of all. He came into the left side of the hall, but was sent back by the pain of the light. "So that's what Bonnie was talking aboutâ€¦!" Fredbear walked towards the right hall, but doubles back and snuck into the left. The child had the right door open with the light on. He crawled onto the bed and waited. Unable to breathe he let out a deep breath which sounded more like a maniacal laugh. The child turned around, right, as he was about to lunge and was struck by the light. Fredbear fled into the right, but again doubled back and came into the closet. The boy checked the left, right, and then behind him. Grinning, Fredbear came up behind the child. Just a little moreâ€¦he thought to himself. He opened his jaws and showed his rows of metal teeth and his terrifying eyes. The boy turned around and Freddy lunged, laughing uncontrollably. The clock turned that same moment and before he could touch the child, he was sent out of the room. Growling and roaring with rage he struck the old furniture that was around the room. Fredbear was a mess. He laughed when he realized how fun it was to chase the child. He almost caught him. He almost sunk his teeth into himâ€¦..wait. That wasn't the point. He had to wake him up, not harm him. Well, that was at the back of Fredbear's mind at the time. Now he was a true monsterâ€¦.dark, with glowing red eyes. When he spoke it sounded more like a growling animal. "Tomorrow is another day!" He laughed.

There he sat. He waited until the time to raid the child's nightmares. He waited to taste blood. When the time came he was in the hallway. The child opened the door and aimed the light at Nightmare Fredbear, or just Nightmare. The boy didn't move the light or shut the door. He just stared and didn't know what to do. He was either going to scream or break down crying, and Nightmare enjoyed every second of it. The child's horror finally ended and he snapped back into his thoughts, shutting the door. That was the closest he had gotten to waking up. Nightmare let out a roar and left claw marks in the walls, floor, ceiling, whatever he could reach. He destroyed the pictures and furniture, broke the dishes and appliances. The boy was terrified but he held his ground. Nightmare pushed his way into the room and the kid fell to the ground. He slashed open the plush toys that resembled him and his friends and looked at the boy. "You're nextâ€¦." Nightmare slowly walked towards the child, claws out, teeth bared. Then, something happened that Nightmare would never have expected. A hug. The child latched onto him and started to cry. He couldn't help it either. Fredbear stopped in his tracks and regained his consciousness of what he was doing. He was no longer Nightmare. Shocked at what he was about to do, he cried just as hard as the boy and hugged him back, but it was all lost. The boy vanished from his arms. It was too late. Fredbear couldn't do anything to wake him up anymore. He entered the room where his other friends were. They just stared at him in either horror or disbelief. Fredbear looked straight into their eyes and spoke, "I'm sorry for calling you failures after you only tried to help. I'm a failureâ€¦and it's all my faultâ€¦." Chica looked up. "Is the boyâ€¦?" Fredbear looked back. "He has an hour left. It's time to say goodbye." They all understood. They all knew what they had to do in their hearts.

All of them came into the boy's mind for the last time. Fredbear walked up to the crying silhouette, the other stayed behind and silently watched. "Can you hear me?" Fredbear said. The child looked up at Fredbear, not able to say a word. "I don't know if you can hear me." He looked back at the child, hoping that he would understand what he has to say. "I'm sorry." Chica, Bonnie, Freddy, and Foxy watched, but started to lose their vision of the scene. "You're brokenâ€¦" Foxy completely faded. And it's all my faultâ€¦Fredbear thought. "We are still your friends." Chica disappeared. "Do you still believe that?" Bonnie vanished. The child began to cry. "I'm still here." Freddy was gone. "I will put you back togetherâ€¦.forgive meâ€¦.."

End  
file.